

216794
NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

The Chronothanatolettron



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BAKER'S EDITION OF PLAYS

ARRANGED BY NUMBER OF CHARACTERS, MALE AND FEMALE.
FURTHER PARTICULARS IN REGULAR LIST.
PRICE GIVEN AFTER EACH PLAY.

Where a play is known under two titles, both are given as separate plays, in this list only.

TWO CHARACTERS. — One Male, one Female.

An Original Idea . . . 15

THREE CHARACTERS. — Two Males, One Female.

Box and Cox 15	Mary Moo 15	Silent Woman 15
Unprotected Female . . 15		Which Shall I Marry? 15

One Male, Two Females.

Apples 15	Two Flats and a Sharp 15	Which will Have Him? 15
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FOUR CHARACTERS. — Two Males, Two Females.

Bouquet 15	Census Taker 15	Fairy's Father 15
Give a Dog, etc. 15	Mr. Joffin's Latchkey 15	Madam is Abed 15
Match Makers 15	None so Deaf as those	Putkins 15
Personal Matter 25	who Won't Hear . . . 15	

Three Males, One Female.

Bombastes Furioso . . 15	The Tempter 15	Sailor's Return 15
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FIVE CHARACTERS. — Three Males, Two Females.

Anonymous Kiss 15	Doubtful Victory . . . 15	Under a Veil 15
Cousin Tom 15	My Son Diana 15	Nature and Philosophy 15
Done on Both Sides . . . 15	Two Buzzards 15	To Oblige Benson . . . 15
Sylvia's Soldier 15	Appearances are De-	Welsh Girl 15
Ugly Customer 15	ceitful 15	The Youth who Never
Blue and Cherry 15	Don't Judge by Ap-	Saw a Woman 15
	pearances 15	

Two Males, Three Females.

Kiss in the Dark 15	My Husband's Secret 15	Poor Pillicoddy 15
	Phantom Breakfast . 15	

Four Males, One Female.

Only a Clod 15	Two Heads are Better	Trumpeter's Daughter 15
	than One 15	

SIX CHARACTERS. — One Male, Five Females.

The Only Young Man in Town 30

Three Males, Three Females.

Aunt Charlotte's Maid 15	My Sister's Husband . 15	Sarah's Young Man . . 15
Always Intended 15	Never Say Die 15	Two Puddifoots 15
	Your Life's in Danger 15	

Four Males, Two Females.

Dandelion's Dodges . . . 15	John Wopps 15	Sunshine through the
Drop Too Much 15	Nurse's Chickweed . . 15	Clouds 15
From Information I Re-	Needless Stratagem (A) 15	Soldier, Sailor, Tinker,
ceived 15	Once on a Time 15	and Tailor 15
I've Written to Brown 15	Slice of Luck (A) . . . 15	We're All Teetotallers 15
	Sullivan, The Slugger 15	

Five Males, One Female.

Advice to Husbands . . 15		Diamond Cut Diamond 15
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WALTER H. BAKER & CO., PUBLISHERS
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THE
CHRONOTHANATOLETRON
OR
OLD TIMES MADE NEW

An Entertainment for Female Characters only

WRITTEN FOR THE CLASS-DAY EXERCISES AT DANA HALL SCHOOL,
WELLESLEY, MASS., BY TWO MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '87,
AND FIRST PERFORMED BEFORE MEMBERS OF THE
SCHOOL AND THEIR FRIENDS, JUNE 18, 1887.



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CHARACTERS.

GENIUS OF NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Costume: Simple white draperies; she carries a sceptre, and wears a silver crown.

SARAH.

Costume: See Bible dictionary for the dress of Jewish women in time of Abraham.

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

Costume: An under tunic of purple, an over tunic of striped or mixed goods, a scarf about the waist, an Egyptian head-dress; over the whole, including the head, a grayish-brown garment that can be easily removed.

CORNELIA, the Roman matron.

Costume: White draperies bordered with purple.

CLEOPATRA.

Costume: Heavy plain skirt; close fitting, sleeveless waist, low at neck; scarlet sash and mantle; coins and chains around neck, and coins in hair.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Costume: Tight fitting bodice, green and gold; high ruff, loose puffed sleeves; full skirt of green, with long train.

MOTHER BICKERDICK.

Costume: Short, plain skirt, man's coat, and carries a carpet-bag.

CECILIA.

Costume: Pale blue garment, made simply with angel sleeves; she wears a halo.

AGNESI OF BOLOGNA.

Costume: Long black robe, with square green cap and mantle.

HYPATIA.

Costume: White draperies, gold in the hair (see Kingsley's "Hypatia").

CHARACTERS.

POCAHONTAS.

Costume: Short bright skirt, moccasins, a sleeveless waist of crimson, wampum belt, bright scarf draped tastefully, beads around the neck.

JOAN OF ARC.

Costume: Dark blue skirt to ankles, yellow bodice, white chemisette, liberty cap.

SAPPHO.

Costume: Greek dress of pale blue and white.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Costume: Full skirt, tight bodice, full sleeves, white cap, and a neck-kerchief.

PRISCILLA.

Costume: Puritan dress of gray and white.

INVENTRESS.

Costume: Dark green skirt, little green jacket with pale blue vest; the whole containing numerous pockets.

Time: Latter part of nineteenth century.

NOTE.

The Chronothanatolettron, or time and death annihilator, consists of a large cabinet arranged with doors in front. It is so contrived that one can enter it from behind the scenes without being seen. The whole is covered with dark cambric, and to one side is attached a large crank. Before the appearance of each character, the Inventress turns the crank as long as it seems best. At a given signal, the cover flies up and the doors are pushed open, and the character appears. The cover and doors are managed by some one concealed behind the box, and this can be easily done by the judicious use of strings and small steel springs. As soon as each character has left the machine, the doors and cover are closed. The effect is better if each one steps *down* as she leaves the machine, so it is well to have the floor of the box raised a few inches above the stage.

THE CHRONOTHANATOLETRON.

SCENE. — *The INVENTRESS'S room. The CHRONOTHANATOLETRON occupying a conspicuous position. INVENTRESS discovered busy with her invention.*

(*Enter GENIUS without noticing INVENTRESS.*)

GENIUS.

There is a story of an earlier age,
Of Archimedes, the historic sage,
Whose shout of victory rang clear,
His glad "Eureka!" on the air.
And I, amid this great array,
The wonders of the later day,
With marvels numberless around,
Echo in English, "I have found!"
Found what? Behold their myriad brays,
The wheels go speeding nights and days,
And monsters, messengers of ill,
Harnessed and tame, obey our will.
Lo, Steam, the demon, sturdily
Now guides our fleet from sea to sea.
A lightning touch — and lo, the word
Across a continent is heard.
And audible, at man's behest,
The east wind whispers to the west,
And dwellers on a tropic shore
Salute the stormy Labrador.
Another touch, and wide and far
A glory dimming moon and star,
While sleeping towns and sombre night
Are radiant with beams of light
For toiling scribe and tardy hand,
The printed page in every land;
Instead of woman's endless seam,
The flying wheel, the shuttle's gleam.

These have we found. But oh ! that one
 Could backward turn the wand'ring sun.
 And man, the conqueror of space,
 With time, as well, could run the race.

INVENTRESS (*who has listened attentively to the latter part of the GENIUS's soliloquy. Coming down*). Oh, most illustrious Spirit of Progress ! You see before you one who is insignificant only in her own opinion, who has done a kindness to the world, which (à la Cicero) must live forever in the memory of man. Long have I waited for some soul capable of comprehending the stupendous powers of my *production* ! This instrument is not, as you might mistakenly imagine, one of those contrivances which, upon proper application of the crank, produce, in the words of the poet, "Music that hath charms to make a man a savage." No — on the contrary, most Gracious Madame, this is, — let me breathe it as I would an invocation to the gods — this is an Invention, evolved from the inner consciousness of my brain. And permit me to explain that such is the power of this remarkable production that the total annihilation of time is as mere play unto it. Even as the telegraph, with its swift wings, flies from pole to pole, so does the fairy disguised under this strange form summon from remotest ages, as well as farthest lands, any form that fancy may bid us call. And not only is the annihilation of time and space effected, but all differences of language are familiarly treated so that any difficulties of communication are entirely overcome. It is with pleasure unspeakable that I place at your service this Invention. The time of my reward is come ! No longer am I cast down ! No longer are my efforts fruitless ! I am satisfied. My heart is at rest, and, though I am naturally very modest, I can feel with George Washington, who remarked :

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
 The saddest of these — I might have been —
 Somebody else."

If you will but name some individual whose immediate appearance would afford you some slight gratification, you will confer on me the greatest possible favor.

GEN. Since you are so kind, may I see one whose name is associated with my earliest recollections — Sarah, the wife of Abraham ?

(INVENTRESS turns crank and after a moment the cover flies up, the doors open, and SARAH appears. She advances.)

INV. She comes! The venerable ancestress of the abominators of sandwiches. At the wish of this beautiful Genius of the nineteenth century, art thou summoned, O Sarah, from thy resting-place at the cave of Machpelah.

SARAH. Where am I? and what are these strange sounds I hear? yet I understand them, and speak in them, strange as they are. This is not my lord Abraham's tent. And where is my lord Abraham, and where my son Isaac? Who are these and what is the time of which you speak?

GEN. You are summoned from the tomb to meet the most illustrious women of all time. It is many years since you were here before, and the world has moved on until this change is wrought. Time and space are no longer to be considered — but now, tell me of those other days — of your lord and of your son.

SARAH. I remember the land on the other side of the flood. There dwelt Terah, the father of Abram, my lord. I remember (was it years or was it centuries ago?), I remember the journey toward the setting sun, the court of the king and the great river wide like the sea. I remember best of all the wide plain of Mamre, the tent where my lord sat in the heat of the day, where the angels came with the message of Heaven to us, childless. Then he came, our son, our only one, Isaac, and concerning him the prophetic voice which spake, saying that his seed should be as the sands of the shore and as the stars of the sky for multitude. That is the last of earth remembered, — that, and the lengthening shadows about our home at Kirjath Arbah. Can ye tell me, O strangers, if the prophecy has been fulfilled? Is my son a king among kings and a ruler of many nations?

GEN. Truly he was, but many centuries have rolled away since then, and your people have passed through much. Well was it for you that you slept with your fathers before the time of bondage in Egypt.

SARAH. Woe, woe! — and were my people slaves in that land? — the land of my bondsmaid, Hagar, my supplanter. Yea, verily, what but evil could come out of that country?

GEN. But you should think well of one Egyptian woman, for it is to her care you owe the deliverer, Moses, he who led the children of Israel into freedom and to their God.

SARAH. What woman is that?

GEN. The daughter of Pharaoh, a successor of the king whose court you remember. Would you see her?

SARAH. I would fain see a good Egyptian woman.

INV. (*grinding*). Conundrum: "If Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, who was the daughter of Pharaoh's son?"

(*While they ponder upon this PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER appears wrapped as a mummy.*)

*INV. You see before you a form of which the outlines, though not perfectly defined, suggest the utmost grace. She is not ever thus. (*Applies something like a battery — the wrapping drops off.*) "Even now," as Shakespeare says, "a change comes o'er the spirit of a dream."

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER (*gazing around*). Where's Moses?

GEN. (*turning to SARAH*). After all these years, she thinks first of her foster child. You see how she loved him.

SARAH. Yet can her love not compare to the love of a mother.

GEN. (*to INVENTRESS*). This reminds me of another most devoted mother. May we see Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi?

INV. Certainly, but I must request that we omit the "jewels." (*Begins to grind.*) Jewels in general are not good conductors of that element of nature used in the management of the Invention.

(*CORNELIA appears.*)

CORNELIA. Exegi monumentum aëre perennius, — mei pueri.

INV. Please repeat.

CORN. I have built a monument more enduring than brass, my boys. (*Gazes around.*) This assembly is not of the kind to which I have been accustomed, though doubtless here too will I meet the highest refinement and gain something which I can impart to my boys and make them the noblest of Romans. But that they are sure to be. Who so happy in her children as I, the mother of the Gracchi?

SARAH. Have you too, fair lady, a noble son? Listen and hear of mine, whose obedience led him even to the gates of death.

PHAR.'S D. Where's Moses?

INV. Gently, madam, gently! (*Aside.*) Once started on that strain, and as Webster says, "They may go on forever." With your august permission, I will now grind out the noble Cleopatra, for I think with King Solomon, "Variety is the spice of life." (*Grinds.*)

GEN. (*to the others*). A most illustrious Egyptian queen.

SAR. Another Egyptian! (*Enter CLEOPATRA.*)

CLEOPATRA. Strange dreams and visions have been mine in that long slumber men call death, but ne'er a stranger one than this. Who are ye all? Answer me.

INV. This is the Genius of the nineteenth century. These are Sarah, wife of the Hebrew Abraham, and a noble Egyptian princess. This a Roman matron, and I am the originator of the means by which you were called from the tomb—the Invention.

CLEO. And you dare to break the rest of Egypt's queen? You shall be flogged! But no, I forget. They are all gone, slaves, kingdom, power, and my Antony!

PHAR.'S D. Where's Moses?

CLEO. Alas! Cleopatra stands alone—dethroned, dishonored! Where now is my power? Where is that other god with whom I ruled the world? Oh, woman, if indeed that strange machine—

INV. The Chronothanatolettron!

CLEO. Can bring the dead to life, I pray you give to me Marc Antony! Behold, I—even I—a daughter of the Ptolemies, beseech you—(*Kneels.*)

INV. Impossible. (*CLEO. rises.*) I, one of the foremost women of this great age—for it is well to be conscious of one's own worth—I use that, which I have consecrated to the use of woman, to bring back to the earth one of those kings who are, as Swinburne so aptly remarks, "too numerous to mention." Never!

CLEO. Fool! If thou canst speak thus, then hast thou never seen Marc Antony!

SAR. Nor my lord Abraham!

PHAR.'S D. Where's Moses?

INV. No, ladies, I have never seen these worthies. I am younger in years than in wisdom!

SAR. Thy words sound strangely in mine ears. In this, thy land, is the position of men inferior to that of women?

INV. Of course. "In the natural course of human events," what else could happen? At last we have thrown off the

yoke. Man is rapidly being reduced to his proper state of humble submission, and woman is —

CLEO. *Woman* — what's a woman but a *cat*? A dainty, treacherous cat — loving sunshine, dreading storms — willing to be caressed by all whose touch is soft and who'll caress.

GEN. Nay, Egypt, when you speak thus, I pray you, speak for yourself alone.

CLEO. I stand as far above the rest of womankind as the bright moon above our little earth. I am Cleopatra!

GEN. (*turning from her*). I have seen women true and pure as heaven, living to make this world a better place, and consecrating every thought and act to high and holy things.

CORN. (*to CLEOPATRA*). Indeed, you wrong yourself that thus you speak in such a case.

CLEO. Ay! there speaks the Roman matron, calm, looking down from her high pedestal of virtue. Such was Zenobia, therefore I hate her! And how, fair madam, do I wrong myself? (*Reclines on couch.*)

INV. And are you not a woman, then? Oh! how it vexes me to hear a woman speak against her sex! I'd as lief hear an American abuse the United States. Do you mean to call woman a nonentity, then?

CLEO. We are the cats; men are the mice; and we, in ruling them, do rule the world!

INV. Thank you. I'll take the sceptre without any encumbrances!

SAR. My lord Abraham was wont to say, Woman was not born to rule alone.

INV. Woman not born to rule alone? Why, look at Queen Elizabeth! Who can say that her reign was not a success? (*To GENIUS.*) And since we have spoken of that wonderful woman, I've a mind to see her. Shall I introduce her to the company?

GEN. Do so by all means. (*To CLEO.*) Now shall you see a woman who was both great and good, a most noble queen. (*INVENTRESS grinds at crank.*)

CLEO. Both great and good. You mock me with a paradox.

(*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH.*)

GEN. I greet your Majesty.

ELIZABETH. By my faith, a goodly company. What

make you here, good folk? and who are you that gaze in such unmannerly fashion on a daughter of the Tudors?

GEN. Fair madam, you see before you two citizens of a country whose people bow the knee to no one, and who yield even to England's queen courtesy and hospitality alone. These others are women of noble birth, gathered from far countries.

INV. Yes, brought by my machine, that very instrument which you see before you. (*To CLEO.*) Can you, who sneer at woman, gaze at that and not confess that woman is far superior to man? Yes, it is a woman who has made the Chronothanatolettron. Yet, let me not boast, for I was ever modest.

SAR. And now cometh into my mind a saying of my lord's, "Modesty is a great hindrance to a man, both of uttering his own conceit and of—"

CLEO. (*to ELIZ.*). I, too, was once a queen, and one of whom you may have heard, — Cleopatra.

ELIZ. What, the Egyptian of whom my subject, Will Shakespeare, hath writ a play? Yea, now I bethink me, it was concerning thee and thy lover, Marc Antony.

CLEO. (*rises and comes to the front*).

And do our names live thus together?
So would I have it, O my Antony!
Say they I loved him. For I'll swear I did.
E'en though I could betray him.

Oh, my love
Was deep as is the sea, and, as the sea
Doth change upon the surface every hour,
Yet underneath remain the same forever,
Flowing in steady currents to the pole,
So, underneath the shifting waves of pride
And woman's wilfulness and jealousy,
My love flowed on in passion's mighty tide,
Toward him, my lover, unto him, my king.
Hadst thou an Antony?

ELIZ. Death of my life! What means the woman? Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, e'er stoop her lofty head to smile on any suitor! An Antony, forsooth! Her effrontery passes her belief! No, know, madam, that *my* power was not that gained by holding men my captives, and robbing them of reason, that I might say, "So, they rule the world,

and I rule them!" Rather I strove to lead them on to higher truths and wiser thoughts. I made just laws and ruled with mercy and with wisdom. You boast that Cæsars trembled when they kissed your hand; I, that mighty statesmen, inspired poets, polished lords, bowed down before my mighty will, beneath the power of my high intellect.

CLEO. Be ye content, then, with your barren power, with cold, submissive slaves. I'd rather be monarch of a king than of a hundred such. (*Reclines on couch.*)

ELIZ. (*turns from CLEO.*). My rule was crowned with peace. Riches poured in upon us. As Joshua bade the great sun delay upon his course, so at my bidding Fortune's sun stood still, and all men cried, "The Age of Gold hath come again."

CORN. And were you happy?

ELIZ. Happy! (*Turns away.*)

INV. Well, I don't think any of us are happy. "A green and yellow melancholy has marked us for its own," in the words of Austin Dobson. Let's have a more cheerful element, and I think we will find that most pure and undefiled in Mother Bickerdick. Let her goodly form be added to this assembly. (*Grinding.*)

(*Enter MOTHER BICKERDICK.*)

MOTH. B. Weel, here's a funny-lookin' crowd! Doesn't look like a fight. No bullets around here. These fine ladies don't look as if they'd ever anythin' so weighty as a piece o' lead. What'd ye haul me up here for anyway?

INV. Mother Bickerdick, we sought your society, which, as John Bunyan says, "cheers and ne'er inebriates."

MOTH. B. Much obliged, I'm sure, but— (*Suddenly to CORNELIA.*) What are you starin' at? I'd just like to know what you've done on this globe, and what you're rigged out like that for, and *what* you are anyway?

CORN. Strange woman, I am a Roman matron, who, aside from the glory of having been the mother of noble sons, also has the unquestionable honor of belonging to the race that ruled the world, and that produced the greatest statesmen, poets, and orators of the age. Cæsar, Virgil, and Cicero were all fellow-countrymen of mine. In the Great Republic of the Dead well have I known these noble souls that swayed the greatest passions of mankind. Ah! can Cicero's noble words, "Quæ cum ita sint," ever be forgot?

MOTH. B. Pshaw! I've heard the young folks talk o' them as I wouldn't want any o' the boys to talk o' me. And if you belong to the same race, I don't see as it's anythin' to brag of.

GEN. The Roman nation has also produced mighty soldiers, Mother Bickerdick.

MOTH. B. Ah, now you're talkin'. Soldiers, brave fellows, they're what a country ought to be proud of! I'm never so happy as when I'm helping some poor fellow as has got a bullet in him. I ain't much good at standin' around idle, 'tain't *my* way. (*Looks at CLEOPATRA.*) Why don't you get up and stir around a leetle? (*CLEOPATRA ignores her.*) What's that thing?

INV. That *thing*, as you call it, Mrs. Bickerdick, is my Chronothanatolettron, the greatest invention of the age.

MOTH. B. I'd rather you'd let somebody else say it.

INV. The half hath not been told.

MOTH. B. Why doesn't some one get up and do some-thin'? What do you all sit around fur and let me do all the talkin'? Let's sing Old Hundred and make it lively.

INV. I wouldn't mind some music myself. (*To GENIUS.*) Do you know of any good woman singer?

MOTH. B. Hymns, you know there's nothin' like a good old hymn to stir the boys to action.

GEN. The only one I can think of is St. Cecilia, and (*looking at MOTHER BICKERDICK*) I am afraid her music wouldn't suit you.

MOTH. B. *She* won't sit around like a dummy, will she?

GEN. No, no, indeed!

MOTH. B. Then let's have her.

INV. "To hear is to obey." (*Grinds.*)

(*Enter ST. CECILIA.*)

GEN. Welcome, gentle saint. We have longed to be soothed by those heaven-inspired strains which once held the earth and which even angels loved to hear. If, in asking this, we ask too much, I know that from you we will have forgiveness.

ST. C. Nay, speak not of forgiveness. It will be my sweet privilege to use that, which is the gift of heaven to all the earth through my unworthy self, for your delight.

(*Sings a Latin song.*)

MOTH. B. Some way I did not exactly catch the sentiment she expressed, but it *sounded* very fine.

CORN. Surely it was Polyhymnia we have heard ; and call you her St. Cecilia ?

ELIZ. The name smacks of Popery, yet the woman hath a sweet voice. I have read in the old chronicles of this Cecilia.

ST. C. Why spake they of Cecilia ? Were there not others holier far ? Knew ye of Valerius ? To his memory give ye praise and to his death give tears. Ah, his was a noble heart, though long unblessed by Christian love. To him my parents promised me in marriage, but I, the Bride of Heaven, might not choose an earthly lord. Yet my heart went out to my pagan lover. Yea, I loved him, and I strove to save his soul. *My words drew him to holier things. My hands crowned him with the martyr's crown. Hereafter, when men shall speak of me, let them say, "Cecilia saved a soul far greater than her own," for that is all my glory.*

CLEO. Can there be such love ?

GEN. (*aside to INVENTRESS*). I have a strange desire to see, beside the Christian martyr, a pagan one ; bring to us Hypatia. (*Aloud.*) Now shall stand in our midst Hypatia, the beautiful woman philosopher who convinced men by the logic of her charms when sterner reasoning failed !

INV. I never was much of a hand to grind out philosophy ; but, as Virgil says, " If at first you don't succeed, *perseverantia omnia vincit.*" (*Grinds.*)

(*Enter HYPATIA.*)

GEN. Most gracious philosopher and teacher of mankind, we venture to entreat you to give to us some small part of your vast knowledge — to initiate us into some of those mysteries which, during your sojourn upon earth, you taught to men.

HYP. Nay, my knowledge was but a drop from the ocean of unsearchable wisdom. I stood upon the threshold only of the mysteries of life ! I have learned much since the awful hour when I faced the infuriated priests, braving the death which seemed so terrible. Had I been wise I would have welcomed it with smiles and glad and radiant eyes ! For death is merely the separation of soul and body. And this is the very consummation at which philosophy doth aim. Death is freedom ! The mind loosed from its earthly shackles soars at will in the region of sublime thought and divine truth.

MOTH. B. I think a lot of that's nonsense, but you end

up well ; let's have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, say I.

HYP. Who is this, that breaks thus abruptly the thread of my discourse ?

ELIZ. The rude, uncouth manners of this woman are simply unbearable. I prithee, proceed with thy discourse.

(MOTHER BICKERDICK *starts forward, but is restrained by the GENIUS.*)

HYP. The mass of ignorance and of doubt, on earth, is too great to overcome ! And, after all these years of liberty, I am still a part of it. I fall and sicken down the abyss of boundless blank and darkness ! I even doubt mine own beliefs. What if I have mistaken for Deity mine own self ? Alas ! I have but just reached that point of wisdom where I know that I know not ! Oh, for a sign ! Oh, for the days, the golden days of which the poets sang ! When gods walked among men — yea, fought by their side !

INV. She seems quite overcome, poor thing ! Philosophy *isn't* very stable anyway ! Now for a staff that is always a perpendicular — a support with a firm *base*, give *me* something mathematical. I do wish we could call up a genius of that sort now.

GEN. I recall a name of about two centuries ago — Donna — Maria — Gaetana — Agnesi — professor of mathematics in the University of Bologna !

INV. (*grinding*). She has just been taking a course of memory lessons, by means of which the initiated recite four columns of newspapers after one reading — and remember the names of their acquaintances for several generations back.

CLEO. I fain would take lessons that taught me to forget.

MOTH. B. Takes a good while to grind this one out. Guess she's calculating just how long she ought to be. These mathematical people are *so* exact !

AGNESI (*entering*). The effect produced upon my system, which is not the metric system —

INV. All *useful* information thankfully received.

AGNESI. Is not to be demonstrated save by the "*reductio ad absurdum*." A method of which I've never approved. What is this strange-looking machine from which I have just emerged ?

INV. I do not hesitate (merely because I have said it before) to say that *that* is the Invention which is —

SARAH. "Fearfully and wonderfully made."

INV. And the praise of which —

MOTH. B. "Goes on forever."

AGNESI. And is it constructed on the principle of spirals or pyramids? It is not a perfect parallelogram, and yet by the method of polygons it could probably be proved to be all square. May I trouble you for the exact dimensions in the form of $A = \pi R^2$?

GEN. Will you not rather, Donna Maria, speak of some of those problems to which you have been devoting your time? There was one demonstration for which you were responsible which has ever since been known as the witch of Agnesi.

AGNESI. Ah! you are acquainted with that? I am glad to see that you have had mathematical training. But if you seek for problems let me commend to your notice a new commentary on Conic Sections, which will certainly interest you. I say *new* — let me be exact — it *was* new when I was upon this earth — which is just 24,829 miles in circumference — and the solid contents of which are 260,000,000 cu. mi.

HYP. I remember a commentary on that subject which is most excellent. It differed from the original text of Apollonius as a living body differs from a dead one. Instead of mere disquisitions on lines and curves, it was a mine of poetry and theology. Every dual mathematical form seems transfigured.

MOTH. B. Seems to me you're talkin' a lot of trash! Come, Inventress, let's have Pocahontas!

ELIZ. Zounds, woman! What mean you by these unmannerly interruptions? Stand aside, while your superiors converse!

MOTH. B. My superiors!

CLEO. Such effrontery passes all belief. Who is this woman?

MOTH. B. Now, just see here: you needn't come that bossin' act over me. I won't stand it. Why, you folks seem to have a deal o' trouble about lettin' a free-born American speak her mind. Now just take my advice and settle down, for this one thing is certain. When anybody gets into a quarrel with me, somebody always goes to the wall, and it ain't never me.

GEN. This strife of words should cease!

SAR. As my lord Abraham was wont to say, "Let us have peace."

INV. (*to MOTHER BICKERDICK*). Didn't you want to see Pocahontas? Here she comes! (*Grinds*.)

(*Enter POCAHONTAS*.)

MOTH. B. How do you do, Pocahontas? I've always wanted to see you powerful bad!

POCA. I come to you from the land of the Great Spirit, as the simple Indian maiden. When I pined and died in far-away England, I prayed that in death I might lay aside the character of "Lady Rebecca," and that my soul might join my fathers' in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

GEN. We welcome you, Pocahontas, and beg you to speak to us of your strange life, and tell us of your brave friend, Captain John Smith.

PHAR.'S D. Where's Moses?

POCA. Fonder to me are such memories than those of England's court. (*QUEEN ELIZABETH, who has turned away since the quarrel, turns in surprise*.) How plainly do I recall those days when the first settlers used to trade with the great Powhatan, my father. They were kind to the chief's little daughter, and kindest of all was John Smith! I loved the white man; my child heart was filled with admiration for his wisdom and his bravery. And so when my father became his foe and held him in his power, was it strange that I should plead for his life? Strange that when pleading was of no avail I should rush between the uplifted axe and the defenceless body of my friend? What!—do you marvel? Are maidens no longer as brave as the Indian Pocahontas?

ELIZ. Hail, noble woman! I greet you now, even as I greeted you in the past. The woman who will risk her life to save her friend is truly brave!

POCA. (*kneels*). The queen!

ELIZ. Kneel not to me!

MOTH. B. Git up, git up. Ain't you ashamed, an' you a free-born American citizen!

INV. (*hastily, to prevent trouble*). Why, this is truly delightful.

"How sweet it is to see
Friends dwell in unitee."

In answer to your question, Pocahontas, I will tell you frankly that woman of the nineteenth century is not so brave as she might be! Though I always thought that "Mouse-

Trap" of Howells was a libel on the sex! But "pity 'tis, 'tis true," as Chaucer says, that a woman possesses any amount of moral courage nowadays, and is sadly lacking in physical!

MOTH. B. Well, that's all right, let the men fight and the women nuss them. I never'd want to change places with that French girl that used to ride round and fight.

INV. Joan of Arc? I don't know, I always liked to think of that!

GEN. Suppose you use your wonderful machine to bring her again upon earth.

INV. Of course! Why haven't we thought of her before? (*Grinds a long time.*) It takes a long time to grind this one out, considering the unstable stuff she is made of.

GEN. What is she made of?

INV. Why, she is Maid of Orleans.

(*Enter JOAN OF ARC.*)

JOAN. Alas!

GEN. Why do you sigh, sweet maid?

JOAN. Ah, where are they, those sweet voices that were ever with me? Where those visions I beheld? Gone — all gone!

INV. Yes, that's the way with all of us, Joan. As Edgar Allan Poe says, —

"I never had a piece of bread
Particularly large and wide,
But what it fell upon the floor,
And always on the buttered side."

HYP. Knowst thou not, simple maiden, that all things of this world are but fleeting?

SAR. Yea, as a tale that is told, as —

INV. Abraham says — oh, yes, we know, Mrs. Sarah!

ST. C. What! hast thou seen visions?

JOAN. Yea — I, unworthy that I am, have walked with forms invisible to mortal eyes — held converse with high beings not of earth. Ah! Once again I seem to hear those words, — "To thee it is given to save thy country and thy king. Go forth, for Heaven goes with thee." Oh, was't not strange that I, a maid, a humble shepherdess, should be thus chosen forth, the weapon sent by Heaven against a treacherous foe, the guide of our good king in Honor's path, the savior of France?

GEN. You were well worthy of your mission.

ELIZ. Small cause have I, O maiden, to thank thee for thy victory!

JOAN. And art thou, then, of English birth?

ELIZ. Ay!

JOAN. I love thy people, for through them I wear a martyr's crown.

ST. C. Dear sister, to me too hath it been vouchsafed to die for a just cause! I greet thee!

INV. "A little torture makes these maidens kin," as Pope says.

JOAN. The Pope! Ah, where is he? Lead me to him, that I may receive his blessings.

ELIZ. (*rising*). What! and wouldst thou speak these words before my very face? Away, *Papist*.

ST. C. What heretic is this?

PHAR.'S D. Where's Moses?

INV. Dear, dear, this will never do! Let's have a little more music, to soothe our ruffled feelings, and since Christians seem to be so rampant I'll bring on a pagan. (*Grinds.*)

(*Enter SAPPHO.*)

CLEO. 'Tis Sappho, whose sweet song I've often chanted on the sleepy Nile.

SAP. Phaon, Phaon!

SAR. Surely the damsel dreameth.

GEN. In truth she wakes, and calls upon that name that filled her waking and her sleeping thoughts. Oh, thou, whose burning verse has touched all hearts, unfold to us the mystery of thy life!

SAP. Ah, me — I lived — and loved — and, loving, died! (*Sings a song of which the words are Greek, set to very sad music.*)

MOTH. B. Well, "for any one who likes that sort of thing, it's just the sort of thing they'd like," as Abraham — (*SARAH starts forward*) No, Mrs. Sarah, not your Abraham, but the President of the United States used to say. Why, now we're speakin' of presidents, I'd like to see the wife of our first one.

GEN. Our party would not be complete without Martha Washington.

(*Enter MARTHA WASHINGTON.*)

MOTH. B. How do you do, Martha? How's George, and what's he done with his hatchet?

GEN. We are most pleased to greet you, Madam Washington.

MRS. W. (*taking an armchair, and producing knitting*). Permit me to affirm that the pleasure is mine.

INV. It would be a great favor, Mrs. Washington, if you'd tell us a little about the women of your time. A hundred years has wrought a great change in the people and customs of your country!

MRS. W. A hundred years! Dear me, how time flies!

INV. (*triumphantly*). Time is at length subdued, madam. Behold the Chronothanatolettron, the great Time and Death Annihilator! (MRS. W. *regards it with interest, all the others sigh.*)

MOTH. B. I want to hear about George. He was a good man and a brave soldier.

MRS. W. He was the most amiable of men. I esteemed him highly. Ah! those were pleasant days. I can scarcely believe (in despite of your wonderful invention) that times have changed for the better. Towards the end of my life I noted signs of decline in the age. The men were less gallant and the young women — Ah! some of the young women were a great cross to me. I knew of one, by name Melinda Simpkins, who went to a school in Philadelphia, where she learned a dreadful dance called a "waltz." She was very extravagant too, and it was whispered that her clothes cost fifty dollars a year. How different from little Polly Millins, who had worked a sampler at six, was married at sixteen, a member of the church, and an accomplished addition to our social circles. But she was one of a class that was fast becoming a minority.

INV. Such a class would certainly be in the minority now. I could tell of some wonderful inventions for the adornment and amusement of young ladies since your worthy husband's time. Whist has been driven; euchre has progressed; waltzing has now become a serious occupation, and the members of a "German" club quite condescend when they bend their lofty minds over the lesser duties of housekeeping after a night spent in practising new figures. Fifty dollars for a year's wardrobe has progressed to twice that amount for one dress. Everything must be amusing, even going to church.

MRS. W. You have quite bereft me of the power of speech. I would not seem to complain, yet it is very hard to

come back to hear of such a demoralized condition of things.

GEN. Perhaps the sight of the sweet Puritan Priscilla would restore the equanimity of Madam Washington ; and indeed it would, I think, refresh us all.

ALL. Yes, indeed.

INV. (*grinding*). Very well. (*Enter PRISCILLA.*) But, dear Priscilla, I have one favor to ask of you. Do not enter into a month's description of the manifold virtues of "John."

PRIS. Small need is there for that, good friend. John can speak for himself now.

MOTH. B. I must say I always had a poor opinion of a man who had to be poked on to "speak for himself" by his sweetheart.

PRIS. Nay, dame, for he was withheld by his love and his friendship.

Ah, yet, methinks, I can see him, as he stood on the threshold before me,

Blushing a little, and stammering, his blue eyes so earnest and wistful,

Nervously twirling his hat and letting each half-awkward gesture

Speak of the difficult struggle 'twixt friendship and longing !

At length he forgot his own love and thought but of that of his captain,

Pleading the suit of another in words both tender and 'eloquent.

Ne'er had I loved him so well, felt greater respect for him ;

Surely 'twas right to show him my heart, show him that I too

Would on the altar of friendship be offered a sacrifice,

If he should give up his love for me — strive to forget it.

CLEO. You would not have been a woman else !

MRS. W. I would not censure you, Priscilla, yet it was scarcely seemly in a maiden.

MOTH. B. I say, if you've got anythin' to say, *say* it, and what's the difference whether it's the man or the woman ?

INV. Shake hands on it. As Goethe says, "Great minds stand in the same canal."

SAR. My lord Abraham was wont to say that woman should hold her peace.

INV. You will pardon my saying that as your lord Abraham is rather antiquated, his opinions are a little out of date.

(To GENIUS.) What do you say, Genius, to giving the Invention a little rest now? Shall we have any more ladies added to our number? You know the Chronothanatolettron is equal to anything, but I think with Browning that "Enough is as good as a feast," and perhaps we had better let it run down.

GEN. Yes, I am more than satisfied with the result of your Invention, and I gladly congratulate you upon its power!

INV. All right, we will now allow these charming ladies to dissolve.

MOTH. B. Oh, no; wait until we all join in a good rousing chorus.

INV. Nothing would please me better. (*All arrange themselves in three lines of four each, and, at the front, one line of three, facing the audience. GENIUS and INVENTRESS in back line.*)

ALL (*sing; tune, "VIVE L'AMOUR."*)

Let the flight of the ages be slow or be fast,
Vive la Chronothan!
The wit of a woman has conquered the past,
Vive la Chronothan!

(*When they sing "The wit of a woman," etc., the lines separate in middle. GENIUS leads INVENTRESS to front.*)

CHORUS, — Chronothanatolettron,
Chronothanatolettron,
Vive la Chrono — Vive la Chrono — thana — tolettron!

Creation's eighth wonder has risen at last,
Vive la Chronothan!
The Past is the Present, the Present the Past,
Vive la Chronothan!

CHORUS.

Then here's to the Present and here's to the Past,
Vive la Chronothan!
And to the "*Invention*," the greatest and last,
Vive la Chronothan!

CHORUS.

During the last refrain the singers turn to the machine and repeat, going "forward and back," and bowing very low at the end of refrain. Then they turn to front and sing in usual time; then very slow; then very fast; after which they turn to left, and, led by Inventress, march around the stage in single file, singing the second verse. Then, repeating the refrain, they form a "serpent," and while uncoiling sing

the refrain very slowly. The Inventress takes her place at the machine and grinds them all out, with the exception of the Genius, each one singing the refrain more softly as she goes.

NOTE. — Throughout the play the actors must assume easy, natural positions. By-play very necessary. The contrast between the different characters, as Cleopatra and Queen Elizabeth, Sappho and St. Cecilia, Mother Bickerdick and Hypatia must be well brought out. So far as is possible, each actor, having finished her principal speech, should move to the left.

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SEVEN CHARACTERS. — Four Males, Three Females.

Boston Dip	15	Comrades	25	Peace and Quiet . . .	15
Bowled Out	15	Don's Stratagem . . .	15	Smashington Golt . .	15
Bit of Brummagem . .	15	My Turn Next	15	Silverston's Wager . .	15
Brother Bill and Me .	15	Mysterious Disappear-		Thirty Minutes for Re-	
Class Day	25	ance	15	freshments	15
		Poison	25		

Three Males, Four Females.

Cool Collegians (The)	25	Pretty Piece of Property . .	15
		Six Males, One Female.	
Family Failing	15	Look After Brown	15
		Turkish Bath	15
		Five Males, Two Females.	
Dora	15	John Dobbs	15
Free Ward (The)	15	Old Honesty	15
		Poor Peter	15
		Slasher and Crasher . .	15
		Seeing the Elephant . .	15

EIGHT CHARACTERS. — Four Males, Four Females.

Crinoline	15	Christmas Box	15	My Precious Betsy . .	15
		Our Mutual Friend . .	25		
		Six Males, Two Females.			
Blanks and Prizes . . .	15	Fighting by Proxy . . .	15	True Unto Death . . .	15
Daughter of Regiment .	15	Love's Labor Saved . . .	15	Uncle Robert	15
		Five Males, Three Females.			
Bread on the Waters . .	15	Husband to Order . . .	15	Little More Cider . . .	15
Flower of the Family . .	15	John Smith	15	My Brother's Keeper . .	15
His Last Legs	15	Last Loaf (The)	15	Nicholas Flam	15
		Little Brown Jug (The)	15		

Seven Males, One Female.

Payable on Demand . . .	15	Sea of Troubles	15
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NINE CHARACTERS. — Six Males, Three Females.

Another Glass	15	Dunducketty's Picnic . .	15	Midnight Banquet . . .	15
Down by the Sea	15	Hit Him, He has no		On and Off	15
		Friends	15		

Five Male, Four Females.

Better than Gold	25	Queen's Heart (The) . .	15	Race for a Widow . . .	15
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Two Males, Seven Females.

Thorn among the Roses . . 15

TEN CHARACTERS. — Six Males, Four Females.

Among the Breakers . . .	15	Damon and Pythias . . .	15	Lying will Out	15
Bull in a China Shop . .	15	Game of Dominos	15	Mrs. Walthrop's Bach-	
Duchess of Dublin . . .	15	Lost in London	15	elors	25

Seven Males, Three Females.

Coupon Bonds	25	Flowing Bowl (The) . . .	25	Miller and his Men . . .	15
Enlisted for War	15	Home Guard (The) . . .	15	Paddle your Own Canoe	15
Ella Rosenberg	15			Shaker Lovers	15

Five Males, Five Females.

Both Alike	15	Cleft Stick (The)	15	Lord's of Creation . . .	15
		Old and Young	15		

ELEVEN CHARACTERS. — Six Males, Five Females.

Babie	25	The Miller's Wife	15	The "Tomboy"	15
Giralda	15	Our Folks	15		

Eight Males, Three Females.

Lost Mine (The)	25	"Nevada"	25	Our Boys of 1776 . . .	15
		One Hundred Years Ago	15		

Seven Males, Four Females.

Five Males, Six Females.

Above the Clouds	15	The Christening	15
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Nine Males, Two Females.

Don Caesar de Bazan . . . 15

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